GENUINE HEROISM.

The Direction in Which to Look for Practical Instances of It.

Curtius rode into the dreadful and dark abyss for the salvation of Rome. It was a deed for all time to applaud and for all men to exult over—a splendid exhibition of personal daring and of patriotic sacrifice. A good deal nearer to us in point of fact and time was the heroic front of Nathan Hale, the gallant young martyr of the American revolution, whose last regret was that he had only only one life to give to his country. Very properly we admire and celebrate these and all heroic deeds; but there are other kinds of heroism of which little note is made, but which ought to move us to admiration as fervid as that which the world has agreed to lay upon the altars whereon patriotism has immolated itself in the splendid moments of the world's history. Where, for example, shall we find loftier courage than that of the woman who goes into her own kitchen day after day and week after week during the long continued and wearing heat of the summer, that those who are dependent on her ministrations may eat and drink and be satisfied? And that she does it with sweet cheerfulness, and that she comes from her kitchen to her dinner table flushed and overheated, thinking only how she can enhance the family comfort, with never a complaint for self, and you may have a truly heroic figure. Sublime patience is the only weapon with which we can do hopeful battle against extreme heat. How many of us are possessed of sufficient moral music to handle that weapon valiantly? The lamentable fact is, most of us are too ready to lay down the good sword point of patience and fight only with dull complaint and querulous objurgation. The general impulse is to run away at the first onslaught of summer, in cowardly and selfish heedlessness of the mother martyr in her kitchen. She is not an inspiration for the poets (who are not, as a rule, helpful or reassuring persons to live with), but, as this world goes, she is the motor and the fly wheel of the family machine. Without her what could we do? And where should we find a substitute? It is only the favored few who can say to the hired servant: "Go thou, and do and suffer in our service that we may eat of the palatable whortleberry pie and the juicy roast beef, and drink of the iced tea that rattles merrily in the capacious goblet." Appreciation of the humble woman's patience and courage and fortitude in the face of her kitchen sufferings would seem to be the smallest compensation that we can give her. No doubt we would gladly pay her much more than appreciation if only some thoughtful friend would remind us of our debt. The trouble with us is that we accept her uncomplaining service as part of our inherent right. Why may not we make an occasional little speech or perform an occasional little act of thanks?—*Detroit Free Press.*

BENEFITS OF SUNLIGHT.

Facts for Housekeepers Who Have the Welfare of Their Families at Heart.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses lest it fade carpets and curtains, draw flies and bring freckles, we should open every door and window and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease, dampness, mold, megrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the doors, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their apartments. It is pleasant, and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the heat, but in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun-bath, and let it flood all our rooms and if at its very fiercest and brightest, it has full entrance to our sleeping rooms so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost dispense with shades and shutters; and enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any of the annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city, they will prevail in houses which are exposed the least to sunshine, while those most exposed to it, will not be at all, or very slightly, affected. Even in the same house, persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemic influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—General John Bidwell, who recently gave eight acres of his great ranch at Chico, Cal., as a site for the new Normal School of Northern California, went to that State long before the discovery of gold. He bought his ranch of 30,000 acres for $3,000, and now it is worth $2,000,000, and yields an income of $100,000. General Bidwell used to be a great wine producer, but his second wife has induced him to root out all his wine grapes and replace them with raisin grapes.

—A turtle was found in 1854 south of York, Pa., by several parties, who marked it "L. K." In 1877 it was found again, and a few days ago the same old turtle was found on the farm of Mr. J. F. Rohrbach, south of York. When found and marked in 1854 the turtle was as large as it is now.

DRESS MATERIALS.

Dainty Shades in Silk and Woolen Goods for Stylish Autumn Dresses.

Zinc—that extremely dainty shade which can not properly be called pale blue and yet suggests it, which is not dove gray and yet wants to persuade one that it is, and which evidently succeeds in proving itself to be the most charming mixture of blue and gray imaginable, as artistic as it is trying—may be quoted as fashionable, but only to a few people is it becoming. The fair-haired woman must forget it or at least, gracefully cede all rights in it to her dark sister.

In nearly every instance where zinc is used silk and wool goods form a combination, and the silk is the very soft and pliable quality that looks heavy but does not offend by a rustle. Such a costume has a silk skirt made perfectly plain, a development that emphasizes its rich quality. The drapery of the wool goods is separated distinctly at each side, revealing the skirt beneath. The *tablier* is long, draped high on one side and allowed to fall in a straight line on the other, so that a pointed outline is obtained. In the back drapery is looped to give a *bouffant* air and forms cascade folds at each side. The finish is a hem, which is sewed by hand with invisible stitches. The bodice and drapery are of soft, fine cashmere exactly matching the silk petticoat. The basque is a postilion in outline, but below the bust the right front crosses the left and fastens on the left side; above this the fronts are turned under in V shape and a plastron of silk set in. The opening is defined by a band of zinc passementerie, the beads being glass of the real zinc shade. The collar, which is of silk, has a strip of the same decoration about it, and the coat sleeves have straight cuffs ornamented in a similar way. With this toilette is worn a sling wrap of zinc velvet trimmed with passementerie and lined throughout with rose-colored satin. The bonnet is a zinc straw trimmed with zinc velvet and pink roses.

French modistes have asserted that we have no genuine appreciation of soft cashmeres and suitings; that we fail to perceive their artistic value and count them "dowdy" because they are quiet. Such criticism might have been applied once, but it is certainly not true to fact now, when a reaction after a violent liking for fancy stuffs has set in, and the plain fabric, relying on beauty of make and color, is counted most desirable. Of course, there will always be rich brocades, as certain as there will always be dowagers; equally certain will be the minglings of color in the cloths as long as there are women who like them; nevertheless, the plain materials will predominate and the fancy stuffs be made subservient to them. All the cloth shades and many others are noted in the cashmeres, and the mode, fawn and gray tints are noted as smart. Cashmere is adaptive, and it can often be worn by women to whom the severity of a cloth frock is unsuitable, for although requiring a certain amount of severity in development, cashmere imparts none of this quality to the wearer of it.—*Delineator.*

HOW TO APPLY MANURE.

The Value of Using It as a Top-Dressing for Wheat.

I will give in a few notes my way of using manure. It seems as if there are some writers who think if a man uses manure in any other way than they do, it is not the right way. They do not take into consideration that some soils must have manure applied in a different way from other soils, in order to get the most and best returns. If a farmer does it on his farm so that he will get the most good from it on his ground I think it is the right way, so far as he is concerned. I do not think that it is right for one man to say to another that he is all wrong, "my way is the right way, and not yours."

I do not own a farm so I have to rent, and I pay a very good price for a medium good farm. The land is mostly all sandy, and some sandy clay, with the exception of about 7 acres of second-class bottom land. I have been on the place now about three years and a half, and when I came on it there was just one field of clover that contained 9 acres, some very poor. I have on the same place to-day, two fields of timothy of 5 acres each and another of 3 acres sown last fall; 18 acres of clover, two years old, and 14½ acres sown this spring. In the spring of 1884 when I came here, there was an old straw stack and a lot of manure on the place. I made a large compost heap, using two loads of manure to one load of old straw, I put two loads of straw at the bottom to commence with, and I always drove over the pile, so as to keep it solid. I think that I had between 50 and 60 loads of manure in the fall, all well rotted. I worked it over thrice in the summer, and I hauled some out before wheat sowing and some after I had sowed and put bone dust on some of it. That was a hard winter, and where I put bone dust, I had just about half a crop, on one field and on part of the other field, and on part of the other field I had none, but where I put the manure, the wheat came up to my shoulders, and the set of grass there is simply wonderful. It yielded a good deal more to the acre than where there is no manure. This one test alone convinced me of the value of using manure as a top dressing for wheat, and I have done it every winter, and with success, and I always get a good stand of clover or grass.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

—At all times a good feed of grain is beneficial to stock, but it is especially so when flies are very annoying, since it will do much to prevent shrinkage of flesh and milk.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

SUMMER IN ALASKA.

Sights of Indescribable Beauty to Be Seen in Glacier Bay.

At 4:30, while the passengers were asleep, our ship "hove up" her anchor and started for Glacier Bay. Although the mist hovered along the mountains, yet we had most beautiful and superb scenery. On the right and on the left was mountain upon mountain, with lofty cataracts, now a torrent, now a silver thread streaming down into our marvelous river. At twelve m. we were at Chatham Straits, at three Icy Straits, at 6:30 we passed Willoughby Island, and reached the ice-field filled with bergs. While we were at dinner we came alongside a large iceberg of such beauty that the passengers rose from their seats and cheered with enthusiasm at the novelty of the scene. We had greatly feared the mist would obscure our view, but in due time the mist lifted and the great glacier stood out in majestic grandeur, a solid wall of ice two and a half miles long, and from two hundred to three hundred feet high, a frozen Niagara. At 7:50 we had anchored in front of the glacier, a half mile distant, in twelve fathoms of water and close to the shore. Most of the passengers landed, and many of us clambered up the icy peaks. The surface was broken by crevasses, fissures and deep wells. A great quantity of debris, broken rock, gravel, soil, etc., is scattered over it, and imperceptibly borne onward to the ocean. As we climbed from peak to peak in the vast field of ice the utmost caution was necessary to maintain our footing. Pieces of rock thrown down into the crevasses on either side could be heard as they struck the water far below. Amateur photographers were busy getting views, some of which were admirable. This glacier is called "The Muir," in honor of Prof. Muir, the first white man to explore it. Concerning it the professor says: "It is three miles wide at its mouth, ten miles back it is ten miles wide, and near this sixteen branches of the first class unite to form one immense glacier; four of the sixteen are over two miles wide; the distance from the face of the glacier to its furthest removed fountain is about forty miles."

As our vessel approached, an immense iceberg fell with the noise of thunder, and so agitated the waters that our ship danced upon the waves. When we had returned from the top we stood upon the shore watching the vast wall of ice. Now and then a roar as of often repeated artillery, or of pealing thunder would come to our ears. It was the sound of the cracking ice. Presently a gigantic block would lose its hold and drop with the roar of cannon. Then the excited water would heave and swell until, reaching the shore, it forced us to flee up the banks to escape the advancing waves. At length we had to return to the steamer. Here we lay anchored all night. While we had been wholly absorbed with this new delight, our ship's crew was laying in a stock of glacier ice for the round trip. So that we have been drinking ice water cooled with ice two thousand years old, more or less. At 11:45 on the deck of the ship we were able by twilight to read a type of good size. Sunday morning at 4:30 we turned away from the glacier and steamed down the bay.

Steering to the left into Chatham Straits, we arrived at 2:35 p. m. at Davidson Glacier, which sweeps down a gorge sloping to the bay. A fringe of firs hides its water-front. Its terraced walls look like the broken and repeated leaps of a river which has been suddenly arrested in its course and transformed into a solid mass. Northward, as we turn away from the Davidson, another glacier appears, and as we steam away southward two or three are seen upon our left, with lofty walls of blue ice hundreds of feet in height. One is surprised and delighted at the strange blue of the glacier ice. It looks as if it had been bathed in the deepest azure of the skies.—*Cor. Baltimore Sun.*

Poetry of Childhood.

Poetry comes quite naturally at the age of three. The Listener has heard of a little girl who has not yet reached her third year, who made a very pretty remark the other day. She was driving with her parents and an older child along the shore of a little pond where there were yellow cow-lilies growing in the water.

"Oh," exclaimed the older child, "what kind of flowers are those yellow ones?"

"Why," said the little one, "they're just buttercups tome down to det a dink of water."

—The mosquito. He is here, and there is a large quantity of him. He has blood in his eye, and he got it from your system. He sings with glee while the tormented profane with agony. He swarms like the bee, but he bears no honey on his wings. He is awake at night and wants everybody else to be awake, also. He is to be endured, because he can't be cured of his uncomfortable habits. He will not be troublesome at Christmas. Let us hope.—*Hartford Post.*

—Smythe is not an admirer of the sex, and, in fact, has the reputation of being a confirmed woman-hater. The other day he attended the funeral of a friend's wife, and followed the remains to the cemetery. "I give you my word," he protested soon after to one of his acquaintances, "that is the first time in my life I ever followed a woman that distance."

—A New Nationality.—Governess—"And what countryman is your papa?" Pupil—"Papa is a bilious subject."—*Moonshine.*

ALFALFA OR LUCERN.

The Plain Truth About the Much Talked-of Forage Plant.

There is considerable interest just now existing in regard to the forage plant commonly known as alfalfa. This is the Spanish name of lucern, a plant of the leguminous tribe closely resembling clover, and commonly cultivated in Europe for green fodder. It differs from clover, however, in having more woody stalks, slenderer leaves, a purplish flower, and a legume or pod, which is coiled spirally and contains several seeds. It is a native of Spain, and thrives best in hot, somewhat dry climates, and produces enormously when irrigated. In the northern Italian provinces it is commonly grown in this way, and is cut several times in a season, producing in the aggregate sixty to eighty inches of herbage in the growing season. It is perennial, and when kept free from weeds and manured occasionally it continues to yield abundantly for twenty years, never being permitted to seed, however.

It is not a good hay plant unless it is cut quite young and cured with little exposure to the sun, but as a green-fodder plant it is unexcelled. As compared with clover it is sixteen per cent. richer in albuminoids, thirty-three per cent. richer in fat, and eight or nine per cent. poorer in carbo-hydrates, and has twenty per cent. more woody fibre, to which it owes its inferiority as a hay plant. It is an excellent food when cut green for all farm animals, for which use it is extensively cultivated in California, and might be made very valuable in the Southern States.

As it has been made a subject for much discussion recently in the leading agricultural journals, and has been frequently written of with more favor, we think, than it deserves, it is perhaps desirable to mention its disadvantages as compared with the only crop with which it comes into competition, as well as to notice all its valuable characteristics. This we do from personal experience with it, having grown it more than twenty years ago as a forage crop and abandoned its culture as less profitable and convenient than that of red clover for ordinary farm purposes. It has never been extensively grown where clover flourishes, and in such localities has been sown more as an experiment than for use, and when so sown has always fallen into neglect and disuse. It is of no use as a temporary crop grown in rotation, because of its cost and the slowness with which it comes to maturity. It requires a special culture, must be sown alone and upon rich soil in the cleanest condition, for it is quite unable to resist weeds, and when in its first weak, slow growth is quickly smothered and stunted, consequently it is necessary to manure the soil well and to sow the seed in drills twelve or sixteen inches apart and to cultivate crop frequently until it covers the ground. The seed is costly, twenty pounds per acre is required, and the price is twenty-five cents per pound. It can not be grazed as clover may be nor is it more prolific than clover.

These are its disadvantages, and it is easily perceived that as a competitor with clover it can not be profitably substituted for it in ordinary farm culture where clover does its best. And when clover is plowed under after it has served its purpose so well for two or three years it furnishes to the soil a much larger quantity of valuable plant food than is contributed by alfalfa.

Alfalfa flourishes most luxuriantly upon the rich river bottoms of the California valleys, known as tule lands, and upon the rich dry lands of Colorado and other localities of the far West, where the climate is dry and irrigation is practiced. There it is at its best, but the conditions under which it luxuriates being so different from those prevailing elsewhere show plainly that it is not a suitable plan for ordinary farming where clover is at its best. Nevertheless, there are some localities in the eastern part of the continent where it may be found very useful. In Florida and most of the Southern States, for instance, it will find a congenial home and may be used most advantageously for summer feeding as green fodder; but its exacting character in regard to culture should not be lost sight of, for it will refuse to grow under the same conditions in which clover would yield a fair crop and would utterly fail under the common system of culture which prevails in the South.

The manner of preparing the soil for alfalfa is much the same as that for any other spring crop. The land should be deeply plowed, and if not rich enough to bring seventy-five bushels of corn or three tons of timothy and clover per acre it must be made so by liberal manuring. The land must also be cleared of weeds by previous summer fallowing, and this clean culture is indispensable. The soil is brought to a fine tilth by repeated harrowing, and the seed is then drilled in rows twelve to sixteen inches apart some time in May. The ground is repeatedly cultivated during the summer, and if the growth is good a crop of fodder may be mowed in the fall, but it is best to leave it uncut as a protection to the young roots the first winter. Pasturing by pigs is destructive of the crop.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Take care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, or serious blood poison may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter is. The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator.—*The Farmer and Manufacturer.*

WILD MEN OF BOMBAY.

Hindoo Tribes Which Are in a Strangely Degraded Condition.

The report of the Bombay forest commission contains some interesting information about the wild tribes of the Katkan, the strip of land in Bombay that lies between the western Ghatz and the Arabian sea. The wild tribes are a great number of persons of different aboriginal races, who lead an unsettled life and who subsist for the greatest part of the year on the wages they earn as carriers and distributors of forest produce among the local residents. There are three distinct wild tribes left—the Katkaris, 30,000 strong; the Thakuras, 50,000, and the Varlis, 20,000 in strength—individuals who lead a savage life altogether, and eke out a precarious living by a sporadic hill cultivation, by collecting forest produce for barter or sale at the nearest markets, and also to a certain extent, by killing and eating various sorts of wild animals. They live in miserable hovels in or near the forests.

The Thakuras are an unsettled tribe, ready to change their hamlet if a child sickens or a cow dies. They wear scarcely any clothes, eat the coarsest food, love indolence and dissipation, have no thought for the future, and spend all they can in drink. Still, as a rule, they are quiet and peaceable, and live altogether by themselves. They neither borrow nor steal. They are truthful, honest, teachable and harmless. They are hard-working, the women doing quite as much work as the men, and they are much more thrifty and more sober than either the Varlis or Katkaris. Some of their villages are very orderly and clean, the people showing much respect to the head man, who belongs to their own caste. Thakur means "a chief," and in days very remote they probably had a position of some standing.

The Katkaris, or makers of kat—that is, catechu—are the poorest and least hopeful of the three tribes, drunken, given to thieving, and unwilling to work. In 1825, according to Bishop Heber, they were charcoal-burners, and so wild and scared that they would have no direct dealings with the people of the plain. They brought headloads of charcoal to particular spots, whence it was carried away by the villagers, who left in its place a customary payment of rice, clothing and iron tools. Eleven years later Major Macintosh described them as great thieves, stealing corn from the fields and farm-yards, committing robberies in the villages at night, and plundering lonely travelers during the day. Their women worked hard, acting as laborers, and bringing into market the head-loads of wood their husbands had gathered in the forests. They are very poor, generally in rags, and often without any wholesome food. As soon as they get together a few pence they spend it in drink and tobacco. A small body of them, however, will not eat cow's meat, and are allowed to draw water at the village wells and to enter Kumbi houses.

The third tribe, the Varlis, are considerably better off. They are unshaven and slightly clothed and live in small bamboo and bramble huts. They are very innocent and harmless, but immoderately fond of liquor. They commit crimes of violence only when they are drunk, and they join in thefts and gang robberies only when they are starving. Among themselves they are extremely fond of fun and very social. With strangers they are timid at first, but with Europeans whom they know they are frank and very truthful. Nothing will induce them to leave the forests. They are passionately fond of sport and will take their guns into the forest and stay there for days together, shooting sambhur, bhenkri, peacocks and jungle and spur fowls over the forest pools and springs. These types of savage life are to be found within an hour or even half an hour of Bombay.

How Fatigue Operates.

After a study of some years, Prof. Mosso, of Turin, finds that when fatigue is carried beyond the moderate stage, at which it is decidedly beneficial, it subjects the blood to a decomposing process through the infiltration into it of substances which act as poisons, and which, when injected into the circulation of healthy animals, induce uneasiness and all the signs of excessive exhaustion. When within the resisting power of the subject, fatigue has its pleasures and even joys, these being the expression of the organic consciousness that bodily loss of tissue is being balanced by reconstruction. Mosso's experiments were performed on Italian soldiers, and they proved, among the other results, that the stature and power of the modern warrior are fully equal to those of the ancient Roman.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Fearfully Tantalizing.—"Hello, Dick! You seem awfully put out. What has happened?" "Oh, I was fearfully tantalized a little while ago. I was tying on a pretty girl's bonnet. The ribbon got tangled; her lips were cherry ripe, and so close to mine that her breath fanned my cheek." "You were dying to kiss her, eh?" "Yes, that's just it!" "Well, why didn't you?" "Because her cross and grim old father was standing close by. I tell you, it was fearfully tantalizing!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Jessie—"Oh, by the way, Uncle, how's cousin John getting along here in New York? He came down to the city to make his way in the world by his wits, you know." Uncle George—"Yes. Well, the last I knew of him he had busted up for want of capital."—*Texas Siftings.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Mahogany is so plentiful in Lower California that it forms the cheapest kind of fuel for domestic uses.

—One fair swimmer at a watering place performs the feat of eating bonbons in the surf. She carries the sweets in a water tight silver casket at her waist.

The light from the top of Washington monument is visible twenty-nine miles distant, considerably farther than is the light of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

—There were 7,558 photographers in the United States in 1870, and 9,990 in 1880. There are now about 11,000 persons engaged in the photographing business in this country.

—The Paris *Figaro* gives the following as an infallible remedy for fortifying the eyesight: Rub with the fingers, night and morning, the temples and the nape of the neck with spirits of lavender.

—Some night-fishermen near East Liverpool, O., were considerably astonished recently at the tremendous bite they got. They hauled away, however, and with much difficulty landed a spoon fish seven and one-half feet long, with a spoon bill three feet long.

—Natural gas displaced in the year 1886 no less than 6,353,000 tons of coal valued at $9,847,150, a fact which goes far to explain the comparatively small increase in production of coal contrasted with the far greater increase in production of iron.—*Public Opinion.*

—The fiber of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silk worm will often reel one thousand yards, and reliable accounts are given of a cocoon yielding twelve hundred and ninety-five yards, or a fiber nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.—*Chicago Advance.*

—Otto Schreiber, a corporal in the German army, apparently has no blood. Knives and daggers can be run through his body without harming him in the least. A committee of distinguished surgeons say they can not explain the miracle. Schreiber will exhibit himself in Berlin, London, Paris and America when his time in the army is out.

—For some time past Policeman Goodrum of Athens, Ga., has been suffering with something like erysipelas in his feet and legs, and a few days since an inflamed streak extended up to his stomach, and for a time he was in a critical condition. He is better, however, now. It is thought that Mr. Goodrum was poisoned by colored socks. Mr. Goodrum had a small chafed place on one of his feet and into this the poison entered.

—Here is eloquence from the Wichita (Kan.) *Eagle:* "Like an eagle on his mountain home, slowly spreading his wings for a flight in the clouds; like a magnificent steed stamping the ground with flashing eye and extended nostrils eager for the race; like a disciplined army with set bayonets in battle array restlessly waiting for the bugles to sound the charge, is Wichita halting to-day at the beginning of a boom that will eclipse even her former achievements."

—A few mornings ago at Milledgeville, Ga., Mr. Edward Carrington's attention was attracted to a noise in the yard among the poultry. He soon discovered with the geese a tall, white bird. Being alarmed, the bird flew in a tree near the fence, from which it was shot in the neck and killed. It proved to be a crane of the order grallia. It measured four and a half feet from tip to tip of wings and three feet twenty-two inches from the tip of bill to end of tail.

—The following comparison of soldiers' "togs" in England and Germany is interesting: In England a great coat has to last for five years, in Germany eight years; in England a helmet has to last for five years, in Germany ten; in England a soldier has three pairs of trousers in two years, while in Germany a soldier has two pairs of trousers in two years and eight months. In England the ammunition pouches last twelve years; in Germany they are required to last thirty-six years.

—Some people drying fish at Newelton a few days since discovered the end of a piece of wire protruding from the inside of a split fish near its backbone, in the thickest part of the meat. On being extracted it was found to be a large hair-pin of the ordinary kind, a little rusted, but otherwise as perfect as when an article of the toilet. The fish was caught on the banks this season, and how to account for a lady's hair-pin in its corporation is a most puzzling thing to those who saw it.—*Cape Sable Advertiser.*

—Managers of dime museums are hereby notified of a unique natural curiosity in Berlin—a man who loses hearing and speech every morning at nine o'clock and recovers it at six o'clock the next morning. The three hours during which he can speak and hear are not at a time of the day when a dime museum audience could be gathered, but the man has other attractions. When a certain spot on his hand is pressed he has violent cramps, which disappear if a spot on his right arm is pressed. Could any thing be more delightful for the ten-cent show?—*Boston Transcript.*

Inducement to Strangers.

A youthful barber was at work on the chin of a stranger, who had only been in Austin a few days.

"There, you have cut me again!" exclaimed the stranger. "I should think you would lose all your customers if that's the way you shave them."

"I don't shave the customers at all. Pa shaves the customers. He only lets me shave strangers."—*Texas Siftings.*